

Deadlights by ForeverLilacLies

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Summary: Peter Quill remembers the deadlights. He remembers the flutes. He remembers it all, and he is afraid. God he's afraid. IT 2017/GOTG crossover.

Deadlights

So, in order to have this make sense for the timeline, Peter wasn't taken by Yondu until he was a little older. 12 instead of 9. Peter and Meredith had gone to live in Maine at some point with Meredith's brother who decides that Peter/Stanley would do well with some religion and discipline.

Stanley Uris and Peter Quill are the same character. Stanley is Peter's middle name that he went by with his friends and was only called Peter by his mother, grandfather and later by those he met after being taken by Yondu. Stanley sort of died in that sewer. Meredith noticed something had happened to her son and in this universe Stanley/Peter reaches out to her about it, and naturally she believes him and takes him to live with her father where eventually she dies. Peter/Stanley uses his Rabbi uncle's name in order to help himself find a place within the religious community. (I'll just go with Meredith and Peter's uncle having different father's hence the last names) Confusing, I know.

Peter is taken by Yondu and his memories of Derry start to vanish until one day he wakes with a cut in his palm and the sudden dread of what's coming. This universe's Stanley does not take his life however and decides to face It with the Guardians as well as with Yondu and the Ravagers who have only heard of tales of It and the Macroverse.

The Loser's Club only have heard that Stanley went missing and Bill always feared that it was It's doing. I also have taken the book and 1990 miniseries into consideration and Peter/Stan's experience of actually seeing the deadlights and It's true form.

Set between the first and second Guardians of the Galaxy.

So, here's the thing... I knew about space and aliens even before I was stolen by Yondu. I knew way more than I probably should have. That we weren't as alone as we all thought we were. That out there...something was waiting. You can only fake it for so long. The thing about being an unwed mother in the 80's is that people in the

South tend to preach. Ma hated the whispers and sideways glances. Dad had vanished before I was born and left her to raise me by herself. She managed for awhile down where most of her family lived. The talking became a bit much. She thought things would be different up North. The colder it got the warmer people's hearts got or something. She didn't take in account that there were assholes no matter where you went. The world is full of them, America in particular. Ma brought me to Derry when I was still too young to know much about what being a bastard meant.

When you're a kid, you think that you'll always be... protected, and cared for.

We moved in with Ma's half brother who was Derry's Rabbi. He didn't waste much time in getting me involved with the religion. Ma thought it was good for me to try. It gave me something to focus on. She always made it clear that I didn't have to unless I really wanted to. The thing was that I began to enjoy it. I needed some sort of outlet for whatever anger I had and following in my uncle's footsteps seemed like the best option I had. Jews weren't liked all that much even in Maine. Guess WWII didn't do enough to convince people to start treating others right.

Then, one day, you realize that's not true.

I met Bill when I was eight. For a little while it was just the two of us. Sometimes Bill's little brother Georgie hung around with us. He was a good kid and he followed Bill around like a lost puppy. Bill loved it, even if he pretended not to. Eventually Eddie and Richie joined in. Eddie was nice, even if his mom wasn't. Richie and I might have gotten along better if I hadn't been trying so hard to pretend I was an adult. I wanted my Uncle to take me seriously. I wanted to help my Mom. She hadn't needed me to be so serious. She needed me happy and cared for. I guess it takes time to learn these things.

Henry Bowers and his gang were a problem, but bullies didn't mean much. I could handle them...I didn't need to be fighting anymore; The clown on the other hand... I don't think I was supposed to have to handle that. The painting in the synagogue, the flute playing... It couldn't be real. It *couldn't* be. I didn't want to believe. If I believed, then it made things like demons and monsters real. it made Ma's talks

about angels and my dad real.

"You're so like your daddy, you even look like him. And he was an angel, composed of pure light..."

If you open your eyes, you will see what we're going through.

'Cause when you're alone as a kid, the monsters see you as weaker.

After we killed it and made the blood pact, Ma saw the scars. We moved out of Maine by winter. All I had to do was mention what was lurking in the dark and she was ready to go. She was not like the other parents. She believed. She *saw*. That night I watched as she burned the panting of the lady, ignoring my uncle's angry words. She must have understood something about it and wanted to protect me. My uncle was pissed about me screwing up my vows and Ma burning his property. I think he was glad to see us go. Saying goodbye to the guys was awful. Even with things getting fuzzy, we could still remember each other and now there were less and less of us. Eddie had told me to stay safe and Richie had pulled me into too tight of a hug. Bill just didn't have to say anything. We both just knew...

"This town is festering." Ma had mumbled as we drove out of Derry. I had been so relieved to see that *'Welcome to Derry'* become smaller and smaller in the rearview mirror. Ma's shoulders had relaxed and she reached for my hand.

When Yondu came for me...when I was taken, my first thought was of It. Had It found me? Was It coming back to finish the job? Mom was head and here I was being sucked into that ***fucking*** light. It was back and it had come for me. Where was Bill? Who was going to warn Ben? When I was on the ship and it was Yondu leering down at me, I thought I was dead. I thought it was all over for me. Like my Mom. Like Georgie...I was going to die...

You don't even know they're getting closer.

Instead of dying, Yondu kept me. One of those kidnap situations... Yondu protected me. In a way, I felt safe with him. Nothing could get past him. Nothing could sneak up on him... the old bastard saved me in ways he didn't probably realize.

I forgot.

I forgot Bill and Eddie. I forgot about Richie's jokes and laughter and I forgot Mike's arms wrapped around me outside the Neilbolt house. I forgot watching Beverly leap into the quarry and Ben sitting against the wall bleeding out. I forgot all of them. I forgot how tidy I kept everything and how practical and afraid I was. I never forgot Mom though. She was the only thing. Peter Stanley Uris Quill died on Terra and Peter Quill woke up. I made something of myself. Something that Stan Uris would not have recognized.

Until it's too late.

I had a new group of friends now. They reminded me of people...who I had forgotten for too long. Gamora, who took no shit, just like Beverly. Rocket, who was as much of a trash mouth as Richie had ever been. There was also Drax and Groot who I could never label. They just felt *right*. We had saved the galaxy! I was making jokes about being dirty on my own ship! Sex jokes and having actual sex! Space demons were nothing, right?

Indifference is part of growing up.

Becoming an adult isn't about being able to vote or being able to drink or drive.

One day I fell asleep on the Milano. Then I remembered everything. A scar appeared on my palm and little scars on my face. I could hear a little voice in my ear. I couldn't place it but somehow it felt familiar. I knew that voice. *"It's back...It's time to come back to Derry..."* Mike...Mike Hanlon! They didn't understand. Gamora or Drax as I started frantically packing. I knew they were waiting for me. I knew I had to go back. Bill needed me to come back.

"Peter, I don't understand." Gamora stated, arms crossed as she watched me.

"Neither do I!" I replied, shoving my walkman into my backpack. I started spouting off shit then. About turtles and promises and dead children while a woman smiled behind a painting. I eyed the pocket-knife on the counter, imagining slashing my wrists and never

returning. It was a quick thought, just darkly bubbling in my mind before vanishing.

"A turtle?" Rocket piped up with a huff. "What have you been drinkin' Pete?" I barely looked at him. *Richie would have asked the same thing...*

"I am Groot!" Groot piped up, helpfully.

"I have to go back." I faced them. "I made a blood promise and It's back. I need to help them stop It from killing again."

"It?" Drax blinked. Rocket set down the gun he had been tinkering with to stare at me curiously.

"Killing? Who is dead?" Gamora looked concerned. I couldn't answer. It was something beyond the galaxy...something beyond us. Something that should never have happened but still managed to seep into my mind. "Peter, those scars..."

Becoming an adult according to the holy scripture in Derry...is learning not to give a shit.

"I'm sorry guys...I promised them..." I can still feel the teeth enclosing over my face. I can still see the lights...

"Then let us go with you!" Gamora was always quick to offer help. I couldn't do this to her. I back away, trying not to shake.

"I can't. It's too dangerous. You have to promise to stay away." The dead kids were floating and soon we'd float too...

"Too dangerous? Peter, we saved the galaxy? We can help! Whatever you are fearing can be stopped." Gamora looked frustrated.

"No. This is different. This isn't something that you can just run in and shoot...I can't...I have to go by myself." I moved back, Gamora rooted to the spot. This could be the last time I saw them...this would be. "I'm sorry."

The deadlights...I had seen It. I am afraid. I am so afraid and I'm going back.